

"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

# Suck

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## THE HOAXER HOAXED.

J. G. B.—This has been a hard hunt for a sham Hartmann!

## PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER  
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EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

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## FICTION.

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## PUCK ON WHEELS

No. 2, for 1881,

Is a book so full of illustrations that there  
is no place in it where you can open it without com-  
ing across some gem of art.

Price, Twenty-five Cents.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE gentleman who has been masquerading  
under the name of Hartmann must have  
had a good time, until he was found out.  
So long as he was believed to be the genuine  
article, he was viewed with curiosity; and not  
only had the handful of American Socialists at  
his feet, but a large number of American citizens  
who are neither Socialists nor Nihilists, but  
who look upon the despotic government of  
Russia with abhorrence, and regard with equani-  
mity the recent successful glass-bombing of the  
late Czar. But this pretended Mr. Hartmann,  
who had called forth a State paper from Secre-  
tary Blaine, and has raised a lively discussion  
as to the right of asylum for political offenders  
in this country, has disappeared from the public  
gaze and is probably enjoying the huge prac-  
tical joke he has been playing. We wonder  
that some enterprising theatrical manager has  
not sought the gentleman out. Anyone who  
could act the part of Nihilist well enough to  
deceive the *Herald*, must have histrionic ability.

For the *Herald* was very badly sold, in-  
deed. Its striking headlines when it published  
that remarkable interview, its wise editorials  
on the subject have all gone for naught. If  
the secret history of this wonderful paper is  
ever published with memoranda of the money  
expended for obtaining information of various  
kinds, it will be very interesting reading, indeed.  
The amount presumably paid to the personator  
of Hartmann was, no doubt, a liberal one. Mr.  
Bennett, in a matter of world-wide interest  
such as this, would not be likely to spare any  
expense. He is very generous when he takes it  
into his head to be so. Stanley in Africa, the  
Irish famine fund, the North Polar expedition,  
etc., made extensive draughts on his purse, and  
although he has not in every instance been  
successful, he has at least obtained his full share  
of glory. But this bogus Hartmann business  
brings nothing with it but ridicule, and shows  
only what a very easy matter it is even to take  
the *Herald* in with a plausible story.

We suppose that as long as the world exists,  
mankind will continue to gamble. It is as in-  
herent in human nature as making love or  
fighting. We do not propose to preach a moral  
lesson on the sinfulness of gambling, because  
we do not flatter ourselves that we should be  
heeded; but there can be no harm in our giving  
a little wholesome advice in the matter. There  
is scarcely a man in any of our large cities who  
has one dollar to jingle against another, who  
does not give some attention to what is going  
on in Wall Street. The telegraph-ticker is so  
generally distributed throughout the country,  
that it now is as easy for a man in Galveston  
or San Francisco to take "a flyer" on the New  
York stock market, as if he were on the spot.  
Now, there are some men who understand the  
game quite well—for there are rules in the  
game—men who are cautious and who rarely  
get out of their depth.

But these are few. On the other hand there  
are men who know nothing whatever about it;  
these are many. The consequence is, that the  
few, as a rule, win all the money from the  
many who are ultimately obliged to give up the  
amusement. There are always, however, plenty  
ready to supply their places, and so the work  
goes bravely on. The feelings of a man who  
neglects his legitimate business for Wall Street  
are very much akin to that of a soldier going in-  
to battle for the first time. Unless he is nerv-  
ous or cowardly, he very likely thinks that he  
bears a charmed life, and though other men be  
killed, he will come out of the struggle un-  
scathed. But a bullet comes along and wounds  
him severely, perhaps disables him for life, and  
then he sees his mistake. But this will not pre-  
vent the next man from acting in the same  
manner. Of course there are gains occasion-  
ally here and there, yet if it were possible for  
outsiders to organize as the insiders do, and to  
take a comprehensive view of things, and see  
how little possibility there is of their winning  
in the end, the business of the brokers would  
be at an end.

But they never do organize, and they never  
do take a comprehensive view, and so the fleec-  
ing of a perpetual supply of lambs goes on  
daily without the slightest interruption. Mr.  
Vanderbilt can placidly inspect his quotation  
tape. The game by this time to him must have  
lost much of its exciting features. He is so  
rich, and not by any effort of his own, that he  
watches and works the market simply for the  
purpose of keeping himself employed; for we  
don't think that he is possessed of the superabun-  
dant amount of energy sufficient to have enabled  
him to have made any of those millions by his  
own exertions. How different from his neigh-  
bor, the wily and astute Mr. Jay Gould, who  
never does anything without a distinct plan  
and motive, and is always on the right side of  
the market, whether he be a bull or a bear! Mr.  
James Keene, an importation from the Pacific  
coast, is perhaps just as keen an operator as  
Mr. Jay Gould; but he is catholic in his tastes.

He does not confine himself to railroads and  
telegraphs. When the spirit moves him he di-  
rects his attention to the wheat market, or may,  
for aught we know to the contrary, be largely  
interested in petroleum and peanuts. He is not  
as easy an operator as Mr. Jay Gould, not yet  
having learned how to control his countenance  
when anything does not go as he might wish it.  
The rough Western manner has to be rubbed  
off, and a little Eastern polish substituted. He  
has yet to find out that the mere possession of  
money is not sufficient to enable him to carry  
everything before him in the market. He must  
persuade Mr. Jay Gould to give him a few les-  
sons in finesse. Perhaps there is no man on the  
street, always excepting Mr. Gould, who has a

more distinct idea of what he is about than Mr.  
Russell Sage. He is the great "Put and Call"  
man, thereby giving a chance to the smallest  
capitalist to learn to become a Wall Street op-  
erator without risking a large amount of money.  
One does not risk much, it is true; but what  
is risked, somehow or other, has a great ten-  
dency to gravitate towards Mr. Sage's pocket.

Now with such men as these regulating mat-  
ters down in Wall Street, what possible chance  
has the mere outsider, when he neglects his  
legitimate business to venture into this locality?  
The game is always against him. Only a fort-  
night ago, a New York manufacturing firm was  
irretrievably ruined because one of the partners  
sought to increase the capital by trying his luck  
in Wall Street. The market went against him,  
as it invariably does, and the mercantile gam-  
bler is now being inquired for by unfortunate  
creditors. He is probably rustivating in Canada  
or in Europe, and calculating how very different  
it might have been if he had but been a bear  
instead of a bull. This is by no means a new  
story, and it will continue to be told, with little  
variation, to the end of the chapter. Wall  
Street, as it exists at present, is an unmixed  
evil. It is a breeder of defalcations, robbery,  
roguery, trickery in every form, often accom-  
panied by misery and despair; and we frankly  
confess that, so long as human nature is human  
nature, we see no remedy.

Again are our hopes raised by favorable re-  
ports of the condition of the President. Last  
week his chance for life seemed of the faintest  
character—at best, but a question of a few  
hours. Now the prospect is brighter, and it  
looks as if his extraordinary constitution and  
wonderful vitality will enable him to become  
perfectly restored, and to attend to his official  
duties. Our cartoon of last week created among  
a certain class of politicians much greater ex-  
citement than we had anticipated. Some of  
them did not like it at all, which proves how  
very hard it must have hit and struck home.  
Now, as a companion picture, we beg to pre-  
sent another little cartoon. It is remarkable  
how circumstances alter cases. Not to put too  
fine a point on it, Mr. Chester A. Arthur, Vice-  
President of the United States, is not, nor was  
he ever, a very popular man, except among a  
few gentlemen who are interested in the details  
of the working of the political machine. Now  
that the dangerous sickness of Mr. Garfield has  
rendered it possible for Mr. Arthur to become  
President, we don't hear quite so much about  
Mr. Arthur's iniquities. He is a very fine fellow  
indeed, and men who were formerly his enemies  
have become his friends.

We do not place Mr. Conkling in this cate-  
gory. He stuck to Mr. Arthur before, and  
Arthur stuck to him, although, perhaps, not  
quite according to strict political etiquette.  
However, as matters are now, we have one of  
the choicest specimens of political humanity  
as a possible President. We believe that Mr.  
Jay Gould never knew a man so admirably  
fitted for the office. Mr. Platt is also of the  
same opinion. As for the great would-be third-  
term, General Grant, he never thought other-  
wise. Neither did General Brady, of Star  
Route fame, or Senator Jones, or Mr. Dorsey,  
or Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, who is prepared to  
lend his assistance to bury the rather queer  
political record of Mr. Arthur. We miss Mr.  
John Sherman in this pleasant company; but  
he has retired from the stage for a period.  
What Puck thinks about all these matters he  
keeps to himself for the present; but it does  
make an awful big difference to a great many  
people when a man may be in a position to do  
things for friends that he could not do before.

## THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

There is little doubt the British branch of legislature known as the House of Lords would have thrown out the Irish Land Bill if it dared.

We say if it dared: because such action on the part of the lords would surely have wiped them out of existence as a factor of the British political system. It is astonishing what creatures we all are of conventionality. By a constant study of English literature, we have—although for the past one hundred years living under a Republican Government—been accustomed to look upon royalty and nobility as things superior and unattainable. Even at three thousand miles distance from the seat of all such flummery, we yet have a vague idea that some terrible calamity would befall the civilized world if the lords, as a legislative body, were done away with. And yet, if the chamber were abolished to-morrow, it would be found that the affairs of the nation would move on just the same, only a little better. Perhaps, with the exception of the Church of England, as a department of the Government, there is nothing that our cousins could so well dispense with as the House of Lords. The only reason for its existence is that it exists. It is an assemblage of landlords, and has always distinguished itself by taking care of its own interests, and making itself as uncomfortable as possible for every other class in the community.

Any reflecting mind who has studied its proceedings, especially during the last century, must have been struck by their singular character. When any great popular measure had been passed in the House of Commons which the lords thought might, in the slightest degree, interfere with their little privileges, they have invariably set themselves up in opposition. Of course, there would be a great outcry at such obstruction of necessary legislation; and then some of the lords would begin to get scared, and ultimately would be obliged to pass the bill. They have been doing this sort of thing for a very long time now, and it is high time it was put a stop to—and they are really, perhaps unconsciously, going the right way to work to put a stop to it themselves.

If Great Britain is to have an upper house of legislature, it ought to be a chamber which has the power to legislate, just as with our own Senate. It is little short of farcical to have a body of legislators who, after a bill receives the approval of the Commons, turns round, like a naughty little boy, and says: "I won't have it, I won't!—I won't!" and who is thereupon incontinently put in the corner; but, finding that his objections are not heeded, then says, with tears in his eyes, "I will then; only don't punish me!" But we fear condign punishment awaits this little boy if he repeats the performance a little too often to be agreeable; and after the recent exhibition in connection with the Irish Land Bill, the British people are beginning to ask each other more earnestly than ever, of what earthly use are these lords to us?

We are not going into the question of the rights or wrongs of the Irish land bill. Sufficient that the majority of the people of Great Britain were in favor of it. The Lords at first would not have it at any price. They altered, changed, and cut and hacked the bill so, that by the time it was returned to Mr. Gladstone it was entirely emasculated. When they found that the people persisted in having the measure become law in the form that it had been introduced in the Commons, the Lords took back all their opposition and placidly agreed to everything.

Apart from the monstrous absurdity of having hereditary legislators, who, as we have shown, do not legislate, but simply obstruct, it is opposed to common sense to have a chamber the members of which consist entirely of land-

lords. A lord without his land is like a colored hotel bell-boy without his whisk. If we wanted to organize a House of Lords on the same principle in this country to take the place of the Senate, its members would consist of two or three Messrs. Vanderbilt, Mr. Jay Gould, Mr. Cyrus Field, Mr. Keene, the leading monopolists and the presidents of the chief railroad lines in the country. These gentlemen would make a very pretty legislative body, wouldn't they, especially where the people's rights were concerned? And yet this is what the House of Lords is at the present day.

## SARATOGA ECHOES.

## I.

The season of aestivation  
Is drawing to a close.  
Some have sought recreation,  
This season of aestivation,  
And some have sought repose.  
The season of aestivation  
Is drawing to a close.

## II.

The blondes have filled the beaches,  
The brunes have thrilled the spas.  
Now see what the season teaches!  
The girls have filled the beaches,  
And taken their mamas.  
The blondes have filled the beaches,  
The brunes have thrilled the spas.

## III.

Have you been to the spring  
To partake of the waters?  
You know it's "the thing."  
Have you been to the spring?  
Step into the ring  
Of Fashion's fair daughters.  
Have you been to the spring  
To partake of the waters?

## IV.

I love my love as dearly  
In ball-room or on lawn.  
I love my love as dearly,  
But I feel a little queerly—  
My account is overdrawn.  
I love my love as dearly  
In ball-room or on lawn.

## V.

Farewell to Saratoga  
Till Summer comes again.  
We've heard John Kelly's brogue—ah!  
Seen Nicholas the Vain.  
Farewell to Saratoga,  
It has been a brave campaign.  
Farewell to Saratoga  
Till Summer comes again.  
C. C. STARKWEATHER.

## RHYMES OF THE DAY.

## THE CONSPIRATORS' CHORUS.

No English vessel will be safe after September 1st.  
—*Rossa, in Daily Press.*

Begorra an' shure Rossa, I have fixed it,  
The devil's clock is safely shtawed,  
The stuff is strong, for 'twas meself that mixed it  
An' the Saxon steamer sails with it aboard.  
I'm well convinced, ould boy, the job will  
plaze us;  
We'll make John Bull come down in rale ould  
shtyle,  
If not, we'll blow aich shteamer off to blazes,  
"Well done," quoth Rossa: "come, let's have  
a smile." E. F. G.

## "HOPE DEFERRED MAKETH THE HEART SICK."

A young lady whose name was Provost  
Was visited ten years by a beaust,  
"Dear Charley," she sed,  
"When shall we be wed?"  
Charley blushed and remarked, "I don't  
knowst."

(Much weeping.)  
J. H. THOLENS.

## Puckings.

A LOVER of King James's English calls it the "reversed edition of the New Testament."

CAMP meetings are much worse than we thought they were. Even a lawyer, at one of them, has become insane.

A GROCER, on Long Island, committed suicide. It is supposed that his conscience smote him for selling oilymargarine for butter.

SINCE the publication of our last cartoon, General Grant declines dinners and receptions. Verily the pencil is mightier than the knife and fork.

THERE are seven thousand species of fish known to men of science. Men of science did evidently not gain their information at country boarding houses.

SPEAKMAN & Co., of Manchester, failed because they had been largely operating for a rise in Grand Trunks. Might not this be called a baggage smash?

THE Chinese students have gone back to China without graduating. They'll reach home just about the tail end of the dog days, too late for prime Spring pup.

PAPER coffins are the latest, and will soon become fashionable as a specialty for poets, who may thus have the satisfaction of being buried in their own poems.

THE police justices appear to be all at sea with regard to the new code of criminal procedure. They'll be hanging somebody, or imprisoning some politicians if they don't look out.

THERE are a thousand applications for membership to the Falstaff Club in London; but there is room for very few, Senator David Davis, as a foreign member, having filled up all the vacancies.

He gazed at his "form" with a sigh—  
(He pigged it while washing with ligh;)  
His heart it was sad;  
He was awfully mad,  
As he wiped benzine tears from his eigh.

ACCORDING to the *Fulton Times*, trees in the vicinity of Fulton have been producing natural baked apples. It is said that the recent torrid weather in Texas has made all the cattle there animated joints of roast beef. Tramps, please take notice.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY, in his closing address at the International Medical Congress, traced the healing art back to Erasistratus and Herophilus, of Alexandria, but he can't make us believe that the fences and rocks in the neighborhood were chalked and painted with the legends, "Try Erasistratus's Liver Pills," or "Use Herophilus's Miraculous Cureall."

PUCK'S POSITIVE ANSWERS TO IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS.

## CUT THIS OUT,

pin it under the lapel of your coat  
and present the other side suddenly  
to the Fiend who asks you

Well, what do you know?

## THE SPECTRE CAPTAIN.

A "TRANS-ATLANTIC" RHYME.

On the rolling deep—'tis the dead of night,  
And the moon shines wan and pale;  
Flooding the waves with a silv'ry light,  
As they toss 'neath the rising gale.

On his vessel's deck, 'mid that baleful gleam,  
The Spectre Captain stalks;  
And his words come faint, as in troubled dream  
Thus to himself he talks.

And mutters aloud in a sad, sad way,  
With a melancholy air:  
"If we sail this course for many a day,  
We'll arrive when we get there!"

Oh, why does the ghost of that captain bold  
These weird words sadly cry?  
'This thus that legend was to me told,  
Full many a year gone by.

\* \* \*

A brave ship sailed with a goodly load—  
Six hundred and seventeen  
Passengers—nine in a room were stowed,  
The rest in the halls between.

She sailed away for a week or so,  
O'er the rough and stormy sea;  
And the passengers sicker and sicker grew,  
But the Captain ne'er sick grew he.

A lanky man dwelt amid that throng,  
A man with a bilious eye,  
And inquisitive look, and hair full long,  
And clothes put on awry.

He followed the Captain both fore and aft,  
That demon passenger he,  
And questions asked, until, nearly daft,  
The Captain weariedly

Said: "Come with me to the room of charts,  
And the secret I'll lay bare,  
And explain how 'tis, that by sailors' arts  
We arrive when we get there."

The passenger followed the Captain's stride  
Within the chart-room door;  
And, seating himself by the Captain's side,  
Asked questions o'er and o'er.

"Oh, Captain, when do you go to sleep?  
"And why do you go to sea?—  
"And how many times have you crossed the  
deep?"

"And when may the land we see?"

"And, Captain, can you explain the 'log'?"

"And what was our last day's run?"

"And why do you go so slow in a fog?"

"And wherefore squint at the sun?"

"And why do they not put salt in the soup?"

"And why do they mix the tea

"With coffee or cocoa, or seek to dupe

"Us, with water that comes from the sea?"

"And why don't the steward answer my bell

"In the morn, when I arise?"

"And why does the sherry like cider smell?"

"And, Captain, what's in the pies?"

"And why is it many a watchful pair

"Betake themselves to the stern,

"And linger behind the wheel-house, there

"To—see the phosphorus burn?"

PUCK'S POSITIVE ANSWERS TO IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS.

More than you do.

"And, Captain, dear," here his voice fell low  
T' merely a whisper bare,  
"I'm in on a pool, for a pound or two,  
"On the run—if you like, we'll share."

The Captain leaped off from his seat  
And glared upon the bore,  
With loud remarks, which I won't repeat,  
Unlocked the chart-room door.

He grabbed that passenger by the hair,  
Despite his yells and sobs,  
With a "squeegee" handle pounded him there,  
And smothered his howls with swabs.

In the slush-bucket deep he crammed his head,  
And with holy-stones hammered his shins,  
'Till the passenger thought he sure was dead,  
With Old Nick repaying his sins.

He turned on the donkey-pump's full stream,  
And drenched him with icy spray;  
Ah, me! how lingers that shivering scream  
'Neath the rope's-ends cheerful play!

At last that passenger mutely lay  
Still in the moonlight's glare;  
And the Captain hissed, in a frenzied way—  
"We'll arrive when we get there!"

\* \* \*

That ship and her crew have all passed away,  
Full many a year ago;  
But the Captain still, as a ghost, they say,  
On some decks stalks to and fro.

The sleepy mate in the midnight hour  
Feels holy-stones hammer his shins,  
And shivers beneath a spectral shower  
As the Captain's vigil begins.

To passengers now, when inquisitive they,  
All Captains repeat: "Beware!"  
And gloomily add: "If we sail this way,  
"We'll arrive when we get there!"

ARK BENJAMIN.

## LET THEM TRY IT.

MEMPHIS, TENN., August 29th, 1881.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

It is stated as a *fact* that there is a family in Virginia, which *calls* itself Derby or Darby, and *spells* the name "Enraughty." Could you not induce your "Majoribanks" bard to try his hand on it. Very truly, S. R. CRUSE.

## THE FAMILY'S RETURN.



LIZETTE, THE FRENCH MAID:—"I yonder if the Meeses vill find out vich of her dresses zat I 'ave vorn vile she was a *la campagne*."

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CLXXXVIII.

REMARKS ON AN IMPORTANT TOPIC.



Ya-as, there is no-thing verwy wemark-able twanspirwing which specially at-twacts my aw atten-tion to induce me to wite about it. This time of ye-ah may be called the widicu-lous season; but if a fellow has any pow-ahs of observation about him, he can

always succeed in finding something to make comparisons with similah things in othah coun-twies, or to cwiticise, or even aw admi ah.

Pwesident Garfield, I am wejoyced to say, appe-ahs to be impwoving; but it will pwoba-bly be a considerwable perwiod befaw he will be quite stwong again, and able to wule in the wegulah mannah.

I was considerwably amused, the other day, at Newport, when I was exchanging some aw conversation with one of the wich wesidents there. I mentioned that Queen Victorwi-ah took a gweat interwest in the wecoverwy of the Pwesident, and that the Bwitish people gweatly wegwetted the sanguinarwy cwime that had been committed.

"Ah!" said he, "I'm afwaid you're giving us taffy."

"I do not pwecisely undahstand," I weplied, "what is aw taffy. I don't think I evah heard of it befaw."

"Oh, yes, you have," he said; "there is a place in England called Everton, where they make it."

"Everton toffy!" I exclaimed, in great as-tonishmert, for I could n't undahstand at what he was dwiving: "but, pardon me, I have no wecollection of evah having pwesented you with any of that pweparwation."

"You do not pwecisely compwehend," he said; "I mean by the expwession, 'giving taffy,' that you say complimentarwy things about Amerwica faw the purpose of being po-lite and putting us on pwopah terms with our-selves."

"Aw," I weplied, "nevah thought of such a thing, I'm sure," and I withdwew fwom his pwesence.

What a verwy extwawordinarwy phrwase! Giv-ing toffy. Haw, haw! It is aw slang, ye know. The Amerwican language is fwewquently incom-pwehensible enough. I don't see why it should be made maw so with such aw curwious com-binations as these.

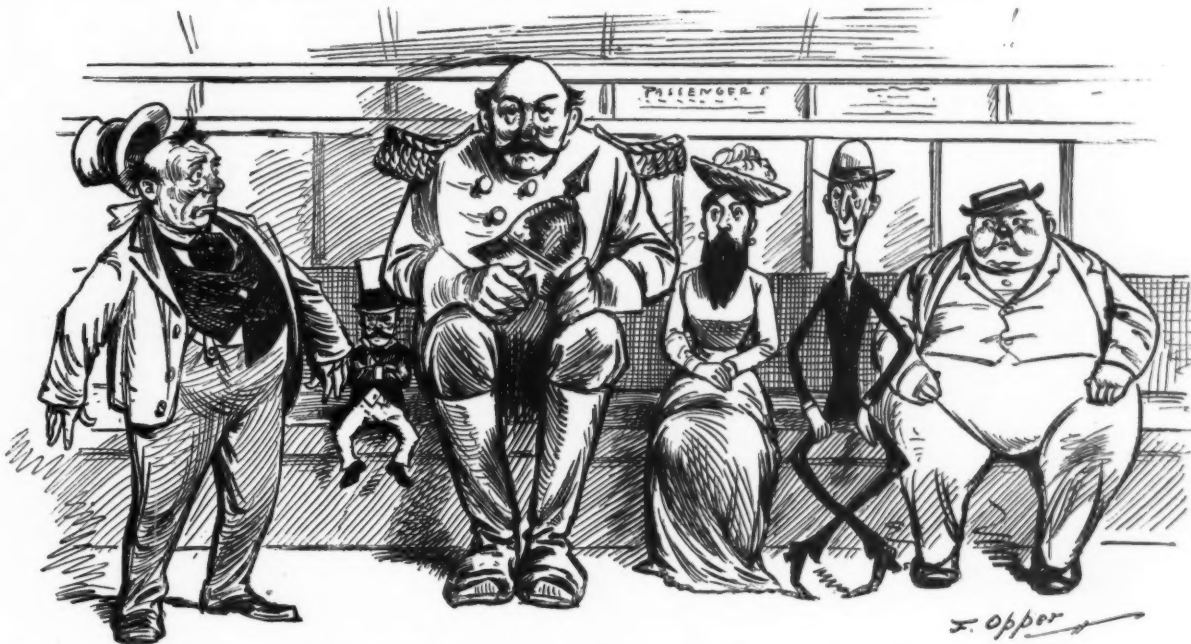
But to weturn to the horwible attempt on the life of the Pwesident. As he is aw verwy sick and weak, Jack tells me it is uttally impos-sible for him to wule or give the woyal assent to any bills or sign any pwoclamation.

If he were, unfortunately, to have to be put in his gwave, some fellow who is called a Vice-Pwesident would weign in his stead.

This individual is, I believe, named Arthur, and I am cwedibly informed he is a great politi-cal enemy of the Pwesident, and is entirely in the hands of severwal gweatah political enemies of the Pwesident.

It does n't, to my mind, seem pawticulawly respectable, while the Pwesident bweathes and lives, faw all these fellows to have already be-gun to arwange faw the places they will wequire in the event of their coming into powah. Aw, and yet they visit one anothah wegulahly, and cut and dwy everwything. It has the appear-wance, I think, of their wishing the Pwesident to—aw—die; that they can then give their fwriends an opportunity of dwawing extwensive salarwies in official appointments aw.

## HE THOUGHT HE'D "GOT EM" THIS TIME—



BUT IT WAS ONLY THE CURIOSITIES FROM THE NEIGHBORING DIME MUSEUM GOING HOME, AND NOT D. T.'S.

## CONEY ISLAND THROUGH GREEN GLASSES.

Perhaps you would like to know how Coney Island appears from a provincial standpoint? Perhaps your heart is palpitating with anxiety for this very information? Perhaps you don't think I've been there?

The most noticeable thing to the expectant rustic is the profusion of brass: buttons, capbands, music-bands, waiters, hotel-clerks, policemen—brass everywhere. An inference which my alert perception drew from all this was—that Charity was an unknown quantity at Coney Island. This inference was strengthened by observing that, in addition to the plethora of brass, the tinkling cymbal did much abound. I saw no beggars at Coney Island; it was a cold day for mendicants. I saw burglars, sneak-thieves, Wall Street brokers, who put on style, and called to one another, to spread themselves off the point. I saw Methodist ministers and incipient Guitaues—but no beggars.

Now, I don't want you to understand that I observed no evidence of thoughtful liberality akin to charity. On the contrary. Some kind-hearted, liberal gentlemen bought a tract, and their very first thought was for the comfort and safety of their visitors. They did not propose to have people catch cold, or have their beach frescoed with drowned babies, no matter what happened at other people's beaches. So they pre-empted the beach, and built a good, safe sea-wall to prevent the crowd walking there, except when the tide was low and the sand dry. Then they went to work and built a nice little railroad. This nice little railroad don't run a very great distance; indeed it is so short that the engine gives a tug and runs around a corner, and, while the train goes on to the terminus and returns, the engineer barely has time to criticize the latest official bulletin and get up steam by copious expectoration into the boiler. None but expectorators of capacity are engaged as engineers by this nice little road. There is a merely nominal charge for using the road. The press are admitted within the gates free. I hazarded an infantile joke by casually mentioning that I was of the press. The gateman sighed as he held out his hand for fifty cents, and said I could not expect a man to hear that joke sixty-seven times a day, when he only got

ten dollars a week. I joked no more at Coney Island.

Another evidence of thoughtfulness, if not liberality, is the employment of only Christian temperance men as barkeepers. These barkeepers argue, and very plausibly, that a full and stiff glass make a full head, consequently they give you a very small amount of liquid nourishment at a dose, the second dose, if required, is still smaller and the subsequent doses are arranged as a diminuendo.

On no consideration are they permitted to let you take more than—you can pay for. In connection with this topic permit me to say, for the benefit of fellow rustics, that water being virtually unattainable at Coney Island, an order for a stiff julep will bring the desired amount of ice water.

As I emerged from the Pier, a stranger to those sands, I was met by an aggressive youth with his hands full of blue eye-glasses.

He informed me with pleasant freedom that a cursory glance at one of the aborigines cost five cents, a steady look ten cents, and a determined glare fifteen cents. By purchasing a pair of glasses, this ruinous expense could be avoided. I bought the glasses. After using omnibuses, elevated railroads, surface roads, asphalt roads and burning sand, I found myself in front of a hotel, depleted in pocket, prostrated in spirit. The band and mosquitoes were playing. I ordered a modest meal, and, after finishing, blushing handed the waiter a fifty-cent piece, to conciliate him into permitting me to leave.

"And is it for me you mane it? Faith an' you'd better kape it; ye might want a suit of clothes when ye git home."

That was his reply.

T. BUSEY.

## CORNELLIANA.

CORNELL, as a university, may, or may not, write her enduring symbol on the page of Time; but Cornell, as a boat club, may proudly boast of having enriched the language of futurity with the sportful verb, "to Shinkel!"

As THE Cornell crew were defeated in every race they engaged in, could it be said they were *oars de combat*?

## SEE WORCESTER.

There was a Bohemian beaugh,  
Who wrote of the "Beautiful Snough;"  
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
He's now gone to rest, in that land of the blest,  
Where he'll soon meet the Stalwart Guitough.

A remarkably handsome young maghn,  
Sat down on a glycerine caghn;  
When the grease touched his skign,  
It raised such a dign,  
That it set all his nerves in Jambh.

C. A. B.

There is a small village called Alnwicke,  
Whose inhabitants fell in a palnwicke  
When the comet they saw;  
And they hollered, "Oh Law!  
It is certainly something Satalnwicke!"

There was an old man of Alife,  
Who kept getting dife and dife;  
When yelled at, he'd say,  
In a wondering way,  
"Oh, what do you whisper to mife?"

There once lived, not far from St. Denis,  
A slangy young woman called Jenis,  
Who, when asked by her beau  
A-riding to geau,  
Said, "Thank you, I'm not taking enis!"

There was a young man of St. Cyr,  
Who impatiently muttered, "Oh, dyr!  
I certainly fyr,  
I have drank too much byr,  
For my head feels uncommonly quyr!"

LORNE TENNIS.

A youth who for theft was indicted,  
Confessed that his life had been blighted;  
For his trust was betrayed  
By the wiles of a mayed,  
To whom his love had been plighted.

## THEREFORE:

And when he at length was convicted,  
Great joy on his face was depicted;  
For he now would be free  
From the great miseree  
That the false one on him had inflicted.

## THE WITCH OF WEEHAWKEN.

A TALE OF THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

## I.

MONTAGUE MC TWOLTER sat on an expansive and expensive divan amid his gilded saloons, and brooded. Wealth was his. He wallowed in it. His father, one of the original icemen, had wedded the only daughter of a Harlem plumber, the glitter of whose gold had shed an illusive gleam over his dark career. The combined boodle of the two houses swelled the yellow stream that continually meandered through the pockets of Montague Mc Twolter, and he fairly reeked with style. Nevertheless, though every possible luxury, and several others, were his, on this day, as he sat upon his divan, with the soft effulgence of a calcium light glinting on his baldness, and the plash of a barrel of beer sounding dreamily from the adjacent pantry, he bowed his head and brooded, as per line 3; for a dark suspicion had come whooping through his mind, when he received that morning an anonymous letter, written in fish-hook characters—in fact, a true angler hand:

Mr. M. Mc Twolter—Sir:

This is to give you an intimation that it would be prudent to keep an eye on your wife. I make no insinuations, but merely ask Where does she ride every Saturday night veiled and alone? Be on your guard. Lay low. This is from

One Who Droppeth to a Packet.

## II.

"Adelgitha," said Montague Mc Twolter to his wife the next Saturday evening, "whither ride you this evening all alone?"

She was standing on the broad stairs of the mansion waiting for the coupé, and answered him only with broad stares. A dark mantle of Spanish velvet swung around her lithe form, and partially concealed her face. There was a ripple of old lace at her throat, and her dress was of French *méringue* trimmed with *nougat*. [The author is a little uncertain whether he saw these words in a fashion monthly or a cookbook. He *thinks* he is right, but isn't betting on it.]

"Where ride you this evening?" repeated her husband, as he slid gloomily down the banisters to where she was leaning upon a hat-rack of Parian marble.

"Oh, nowhere," answered she with a woman's ready wit, as she made for the coupé. But there was a dark blush in her voice, and her face trembled ever so slightly.

"Nowhere!" pondered Montague to himself, his worst fears confirmed by her agitation. "Nay, madam, you put me not off thus vainly. This very night I will to the Witch of Weehawken and probe this mystery to its blackest depths—and then—har, har!"

Thinking thus, and under pretense of stowing her away in the coupé, he covertly severed from her shapely head one of the raven tresses that escaped beneath her coif. Not for worlds would Montague Mc Twolter accuse her until the proof should make her guilt as clear as noonday; for he was a gentleman to the very soul. In fact, his chivalry was only exceeded by the size of his feet.

The coupé rolled away, and left him with the tress twined round his fingers.

## III.

Darkness in Weehawken. The lights twinkled on the shore, while further on a drowsy stillness enveloped all the world, save where the weary goat leaned over his nest and crooned a lullaby

## FANCY versus FACT.



THE "HONEST OLD FARMER" OF OUR VIVID IMAGINATION.



THE DISHONEST OLD FARMER OF OUR DEAR EXPERIENCE.

to his sleeping young. Here and there, a large mosquito sat upon the fence and carefully honed his bill with a chunk of flint from a neighboring quarry. The stately breweries on the hills looked down upon the scene, and shed a smell of beer up into the nostrils of the night.

In a dark alley amid the suburbs, was a cavernous den of thatch from which a lurid gleam shot out into the darkness. It was a dangerous vicinity. Here was the lurking place that send forth free lunch fiends and professional pedestrians to prey upon society.

Over the door of the cavernous den creaked a battered sign, with the following, in murky characters, inscribed upon it:

WEEHAWKEN WINNIE,  
PROFESSIONAL WITCH.

All branches of the Witch Business  
cheerfully and conscientiously  
attended to.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Ladies, 50 Cts.

Gents, \$1.

No Trade Dollars.

Plunging through the darkness of the night, came Montague Mc Twolter with a heavy frown and a light overcoat. He smote the frail door until it burst from its hinges and revealed within the Witch over her mystic incantations. A large cauldron containing an Irish stew was hissing above a brazier whose fitful glow displayed the Witch with her haggard— [For description of the Witch, see V. Hugo Lusenbury's Scheme for "Lightening the Labors of Writers of Fiction."]

"I need thee, hag!" quoth Montague Mc Twolter, as the weird woman turned her ghastly eyes upon him.

"One dollar. Payment strictly in advance," crooned the weird woman as she stirred the Irish stew with a fitful stir.

"Here, hag, here! Here's gold!" said Montague hoarsely, presenting two "In-God-We-Trust" dollars. "Take then the gold and tell me—stay, take thou also this lock of hair. I fain would know by thine infernal acts what doeth she upon whose head that raven tress belongs. Look, hag, into space and speak."

A fishy look came into the eyes of the weird

one as her skinny fingers froze to the coin. The Irish stew sent up a baleful steam, amid which the ancient crone seemed to read the present, past and future.

"I see," at length she muttered, "I see a woman—dark and false. She sits upon a rustic seat by the sea—the wet sand shimmers at her feet—"

"Coney Island, by hookey!" gasped the injured husband.

"Beside her sits a man, his arm about her waist, his eyes and her eyes meeting. Two glasses stand before them—there is foam but no liquid—"

"Coney Island again!"

"They drink, they caress—they pay the waiter—they borrow a dollar to get home—they fade—they skip—'tis gone!"

The crone gasped and sank into a seat. It gave way, and she sat down upon the ground. The vision was over.

## IV.

Adelgitha Mc Twolter crept up the stairs of her palatial mansion at 11:30 P.M. that night, a look of repose in her eyes, and her long hair falling about her face. A moment later, and her husband had her by the throat and was dragging her into the boudoir, where he stifled her agonizing shrieks by partially filling her mouth with a spring mattress.

"Traitor!" hissed he between his teeth. "My honor demands your death. Sling out a prayer or two mighty quick!"

"What means this outrage, Montague?" demanded she as she piteously coughed up a foot or two of mattress.

"Palter not, woman! This very night, I placed within the hands of the Witch of Weehawken a lock of hair from off your false head, and by her mystic arts she saw the wickedness of her from whose head yonder hair was taken. Deny it not. Wast not at Coney Island sporting in horrid revelry over the maddening beer?"

A rosy blush o'erspread the piteous face.

"Oh, Montague, you goose! Why certainly not. I was at my coiffeur's and—since you found out about the hair—I must tell you what you never should have known. See!"

And with one turn of her patrician fingers she swept the raven ringlets from her shining head and showed the clustered tresses depending above her in a wig!

Montague Mc Twolter with a horrid laugh plunged headlong down the dumb-waiter.

SPINX.

## THE BALLADE OF THE BANK-TELLER.

Who is it holds such awful state,  
Surrounded by this bright array  
Of bronze and marble and French plate,  
O'er which the flickering gas-jets play?  
He seems, in his *maison Dorée*,  
The shade of Wealth, personified:  
He says it, as a Fate might say,  
"You'll have to be identified."

It is the teller. You may prate  
Of the hotel clerk's mighty sway,  
Or in picked terms expatiate  
On Pullman porter's lordly way;  
You may recall the frozen "nay"  
By which "her pa" your suit denied:  
All pale before this *attaché*—  
"You'll have to be identified."

How doth my bosom palpitate—  
How do my starts my fears betray!  
Myself I'd fain ingratiate  
With this of more than mortal clay.  
But cold Suspicion bids me stay,  
Distrust can't her misgivings hide;  
I gently, humbly sink away—  
"You'll—have—to—be—identified."

## ENVOI.

When "Teller" Heaven's gate reaches, may  
His claims to entrance all deride;  
"I know you not," let Peter say,  
"You'll have to be identified!"

## AMUSEMENTS.

The Wilbur Opera Company has broken out again in "The Mascotte," at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.

To-night we are to be treated to a new play at DALY'S, entitled "Quits." Mr. Augustin Daly is the author.

The greatest event of the century was the opening of HARRIGAN & HART'S NEW THEATRE COMIQUE last week.

"The Professor" has almost reached its hundredth performance. The MADISON SQUARE THEATRE is a lucky house.

"Jo," at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, meets with favor. Miss Jennie Lee's work is agonizing, but good.

"The Mascotte" was reproduced at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE on Monday by the Audran Opera Company in its usual capital style.

HAVERLY'S NIBLO'S GARDEN is attracting large audiences to the performance of "The World," just as this extraordinary spectacle was produced at what may now be called OLD WALLACK'S.

Mr. W. C. Coup's very great show opened last night at the MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. We are told it is a gorgeous and magnificent pageant, and we are going to see it in order to judge for ourselves.

HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE is now open for the season. On Monday last, "My Geraldine," by Mr. Bartley Campbell, was played, with Miss Emily Rigl in the title rôle. "My Geraldine" is not as Irish as some of Mr. Boucicault's dramas, but it serves to introduce, in an interesting way, many conventional and popular types. The man who can write a natural Irish piece has always himself very much in the background.

On Saturday night last the Kiralfys, after more postponements than anything save a double-barreled, gilt-edged Nihilist melodrama and spectacle will justify, produced "Michael Strogoff," at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC. It is done superbly—a feast for the ear (Von Suppé composed the music) and for the eye (the scenery, costumes and stage effects being all imported expressly from Europe). The beautiful Mlle. Bazzano leads a fascinating ballet of the sixty. Seeing this, we wonder what terrors Siberia can possibly have for a Nihilist.

Mr. G. U. Hopkins is in England preparatory to starting London with imitations of Talmage; Anna Dickinson is to make her appearance there as *Romeo*, *Hamlet*, *Claude Melnotte* and *Macbeth*, and now Miss Minnie Cummings has announced her determination to "star" in the British metropolis, as she finds "genius is never appreciated in this country." England has often treated us shabbily, and sometimes unjustly; but her day of

retribution, though occasionally delayed, has always arrived. And though we have a lively recollection of some of the sins she has been guilty of, we cannot think she has ever done anything to deserve these things.

The "Michael Strogoff," at BOOTH'S THEATRE, under the management of Mr. John Stetson, drew first blood from the public last Wednesday night. It is a circus, spectacle and drama, all in one. There are mechanical effects, and ballet effects, and horse and donkey effects. The general effect is one of dazzling satisfaction, barring the indifferent performance of the newspaper correspondents, who ought never to have been allowed to leave Siberia when they once got there. *Ivan Ogareff* was personated by M. J. Newton Gotthold, in a villainously admirable style, and Mr. F. C. Bangs was sufficiently heroic, self-sacrificing and impossible as *Michael Strogoff* himself. A large sum has been expended not only in putting the piece on the stage, but decorating the theatre, and it looks as if Mr. John Stetson, the proprietor and manager, and Mr. Samuel Colville and Mr. J. H. Haverly and Mr. E. G. Gilmore were going to be rewarded for their enterprise.

## CROWNER'S QUEST IN NEW HAVEN.



"The Cramer investigation is being steadily pushed and the members of the coroner's jury are following up several new trail clues."

## Answers to the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She would go *Um die Welt* to see FICTION.

MILLIKEN BROAD.—We have sent your poem up to the House for Ruptured and Crippled, to get new feet put in.

LOUISA M. R.—You're the dearest girl in the world; but that fellow who told you that your article on "cats" was funny is a base deceiver. Don't you tell him we said so, though; just induce him to send something here, and we will vitriol him for you in a way that will do your heart good.

JETTIE W. F., St. Paul.—Where did you get the idea that we would object to reading an idyll of four thousand lines and giving our literary judgement on it? You haven't grasped our character at all, Jettie. We should like nothing better. Everything that comes in the way of trade is welcome to us, and we find a genuine pleasure in boosting youthful genius up the ladder of fame. Send your idyll along, Jettie, Tariff: \$10 for reading it, and \$5 for the judgement. If enthusiastically favorable, the judgement comes \$2.50 extra.

The Scotch yacht *Madge* is to pay no duty. "Hech, mon," said the owner to Collector Robertson, "ye wad-na tox me for heving a wee sma' boot for me ain pleasure!" (North Britains will please correct our Scotch.)—PUCK.

We have submitted the above to the North Briton (not Britain) who attends to our surgical instrument department, and he suggests the following amendments: "Hoots, mon, ye wudna tacks a laddie for haein' a wee bit smack for his ain pleasure, wud ye?" P. S.—Scotch smacks are aye o' the feminine gender.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

We are much obliged to the North Briton (not Britain) for his amendments to our Scotch (not Scoatch).

## TO MARION—EX VOTO.

No heart would break, I'm thinking,  
With that light vow I made;  
The last lights o'er us blinking,  
The last waltz 'neath us played.

If for the song or sonnet,  
My name should figure there;  
The brief death comment on it,  
My lady, I dare swear—  
There 'd be no crape in your bonnet,  
There 'd be no crape in your air.

Yet I from north seas driven,  
And you from south seas blown—  
Like trunk from north's woods riven,  
Like flower in south lands grown—  
That on one wave together  
Rock in the middle-sea,  
An hour of sunny weather  
Is ours, and unto thee—  
Ere the wind shall lift and the sea shall  
drift—

It consecrate shall be.

'T was the queen of its royal cluster,  
In the scorch of the southern noons;  
'T was queen in the east wind's bluster,  
And queen in the south wind's swoons—  
Through the sultry nights, when the  
burnished lights  
Burned of the southern moons,  
And the blood of it was red  
With the blood of soldiers slain,  
This grape whose life was fed  
From a southern battle plain.

The purple clusters flourished  
With equal rain and sun;  
But a kinder heaven nourished  
This grape, this chosen one.  
Till the throats of men athirst  
Were set with its desire,  
Like the throats of them accursed  
With the doom of deathless fire.

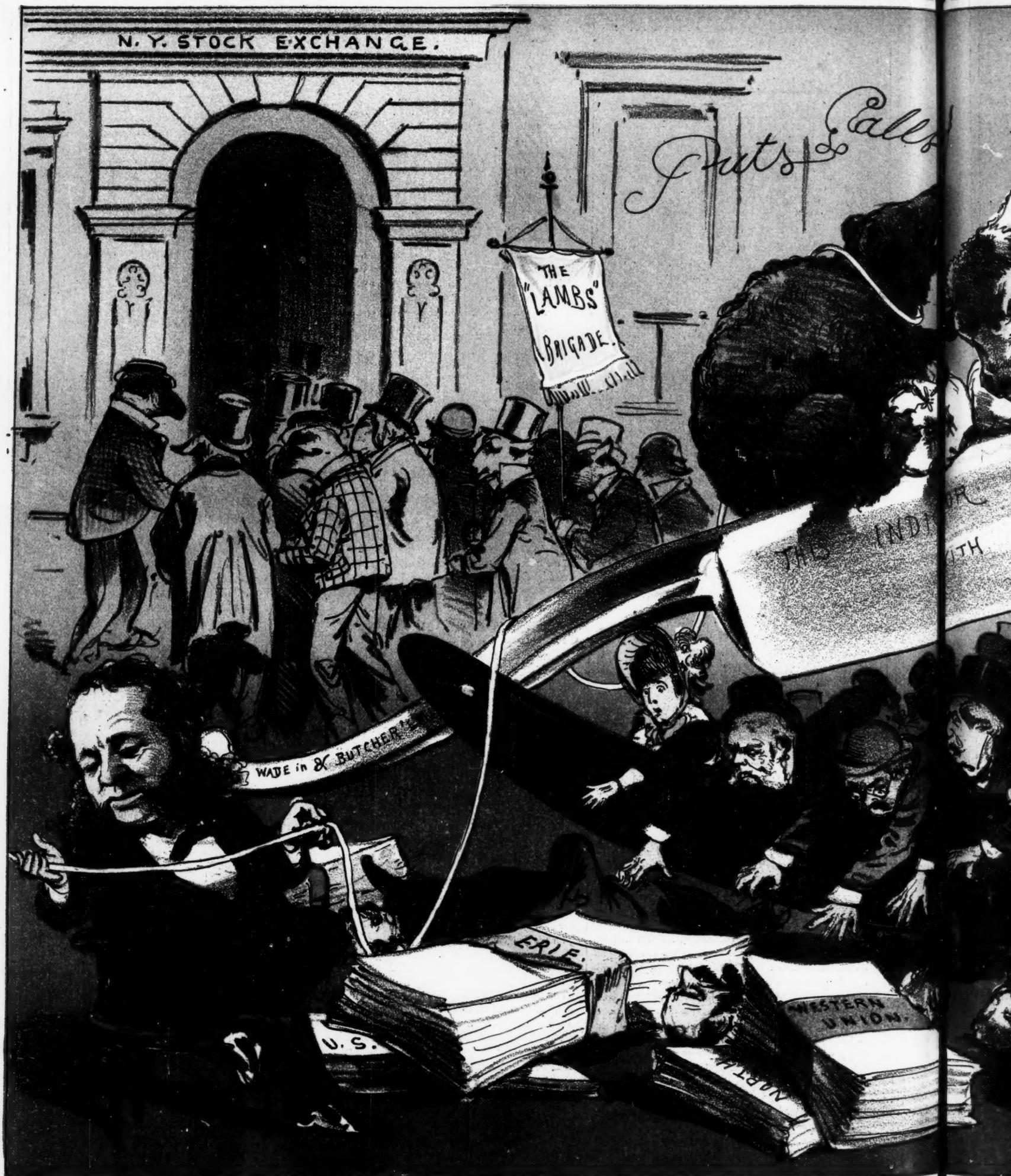
Yet none its sweets had tasted,  
And none its gloss might mar,  
Till came the time that wasted  
The vineyard near and far!  
Ah, sweet her golden youth,  
And proud her purple prime;  
And scant the pickers ruth,  
Within the vintage time.  
For the royal heart and sweet  
They burst, the fair flesh bruised,  
Under the vintner's feet,  
Till the last vine's last drop oozed.  
And from the vats that teemed  
In the tropic sun's full shine,  
The queen of grape's life blood streamed  
Become a fiery wine.

Yet in the north who pours it forth,  
Blesses the pickers' line;  
Sweet had it been its cluster in,  
But now it is divine!

As a steed that strains his tether,  
Staineth the restless sea;  
And the crests begin to feather  
And drift; my lady, we  
No heart will break, as leave we take,  
Yet this was writ in sign;  
Fair flowers thou art—fair fruit's rich heart,  
But, best—a splendid wine.

A. E. WATROUS.

PUCK ON WHEELS has come to hand from the other side of the Atlantic. It is full of fun, and just the work calculated to amuse during the hot weather when people are indisposed for serious reading, and in some cases even too lazy to laugh. They must possess great self-control if they can peruse some of the jokes in this book without at least a smile.—*Paris Continental Gazette*.



CUT-THROAT BUSINESS IN WALL STREET.—HOW TH



THE INEXPERIENCED LOSE THEIR HEADS.

## A WESTERN FINANCIAL OPERATION.



NEGOTIATING A LOAN.

## THE DEMONIAC FLY.

"Spirit," said I, "thing of evil, spirit still if fly or devil,  
Take thy buzz from out my ear, and take thy form from  
out my door!"

Quoth the insect: "Nevermore!"

E. A. Poe (slightly altered).

I AM not an enemy to the lower order of the animal kingdom. Further, I am not prone to superstition, nor addicted to hallucination. Never have I been pursued by imaginary jabberwocks, or haunted by fiery visions of the order *reptilia*, issuing from my boots. Briefly, I have never had what may, by a euphemism, be termed the James Preserves.

It is true that on one occasion, many years since, a college chum averred that, at the expiration of a somewhat prolonged academic orgy, I returned to our joint apartment after my matutinal bath with the startling information that while in the "tub" an incandescent and comet-like being in human semblance had rushed past me. I have no recollection of this, however, and believe that my chum was himself the victim of this delusion.

Now, all the foregoing bears upon the topic of this paper, albeit it may seem irrelevant. I have lately become convinced, with the "Swan of Avon," that there are more things in heaven and on earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy, in effect that there is truth involved in the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

Some people say they like flies, and descant on their value as scavengers.

In early youth I was instructed in the fact of their benign purpose in the economy of the universe, and how wrong it was to deprive them of their wings and legs. Nevertheless my infant soul never could admire their virtues, or yearn towards them with such affection as it evinced for a decrepit and much-abused kitten which must have borne a striking resemblance to Mr. Gilbert's infant that "died an enfeebled old dotard at five."

Even at a comparative embryonic stage of my subsequent colossal mental development I failed to see why these insects should "scavenge," if I may use the word, amid all imaginable cesspools and foulnesses, and then come to alight on human beings and human food.

Quite recently my growing convictions have received confirmatory and supplementary proof. I am not an early riser. I love to lie betwixt dream and waking.

Flies have interfered with this pardonable indulgence before, but never to the terrible degree to which one member of their tribe, or

rather one insect bearing their similitude, now carries his persecution.

Only occasionally is he, as the spiritualists say, materialized, but otherwise he is ever present.

Too well do I know his voice! Too often has its diabolical and detestable exultant mockery broken upon my ear when at midnight I have sought "surcease of sorrow" in a book, or at matin-song relief in dream!

It is as the roar of the lion amid the howl of jackals—as the blare of the trumpet to the "peep" of the penny-whistle—compared to the note of the average sublunary fly.

These similes may, at first sight, appear disproportionate, but as all things are relative, this seeming insect's buzz becomes magnified by reason of its constancy and recurrence.

I have said that he is mostly impalpable, intangible.

On many occasions, exasperated to frenzy by his persistent torture, his relentless pursuit, I have arisen and sought to spifficate him (Gr. spio—I discover; phiko—I knock into a cocked-hat), but he has ever eluded my grasp, and evaded my traps, the while with vengeful glee chanting his triumphantly malicious pæan at my very ear, or apparently on my nose, or in the roots of my hair.

I have been guilty of unutterable profanities on his score.

He would seem to many, doubtless, to be the amalgam of a bed-bug, a wasp, a mosquito, and a flea.

I have, from internal evidence and deep reflection, concluded, however, that he is the secondary, tertiary, or whatever it may be, state of one who in life said he liked flies, and now resents my confessed abhorrence of them, or else—and the latter hypothesis strikes me as the more likely—of one of those creditors and duns—too numerous, alas!—whom misfortune and impecuniosity precluded me from paying while he was in the flesh human, and who now turns against my peace his awful and unappeasable vengeance.

SYBARITE SMITH, *Pythagorean*.

## CIVIL WRONGS.

In southern conventions the negro  
He cuts quite a prominent fegro;

But in all restaurants,

When the waiter he wants,

They draw pistols and pull on the tregro.

F. C. M.

## MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK, BY ARTHUR LOT.

No. VIII.—We Visit Long Branch.

IF you suggested to any person of experience that you were about to visit a watering-place with your wife, his advice would probably be, "Don't do it." That remark would undoubtedly prove that your friend had a good level head; but, suppose that your wife coolly informed you that she desired you to take her to Long Branch, and that that wife was Mrs. Lot, what would you do under the circumstances? My dear sir, if your head was level, and you desired to keep it so, you would go on the trip without a word of remonstrance. All the above happened in our household. We arranged that Tom and Georgie should take care of our house and our boy, while Mrs. Lot and I—and the dog—I nearly forgot the dog; by-the-way, I don't believe that I have introduced that dog to you [I'd like to introduce him to another and a better world;] he's a pugnosed poodle of the style dear to feminine minds—but to return, while Mrs. Lot, and the poodle and I went to Long Branch.

Of course Mrs. Lot would go on Saturday, and, though we intended to return on Monday, would take a Saratoga trunk. Understand me though, I never said a word to her about the trunk. You don't catch old birds at that business. I shouldn't have opened my mouth if she had taken forty trunks, and four hundred and twelve bandboxes. Of course, my dear fellow, I understand that you can pack a clean shirt and a tooth-brush in a hand-satchel; but a full-rigged woman, who can put all of herself, except her flesh and bones, away in one Saratoga trunk is a marvel, a sort of eighth wonder. And, furthermore, expostulation only encourages your wife. If you want her to put thunder enough in her countenance to sour your milk, and vinegar enough in her face to pickle your beef, just take her to a watering-place, and stint her as to baggage.

We arrived at the dock just in time to telegraph for a room before the boat left. I have told you about the trunk; well, I was compelled to carry on board of that boat an umbrella, a shawl, a waterproof, a bandbox, a fur cape, and the poodle; I am happy to say that I almost squeezed that poodle's head off. After we had fixed ourselves and our baggage on the boat, Mrs. Lot became impressed with the insane delusion that somebody would pick up that trunk and carry it off, pocket it, I suppose, she thought, and ordered me to look after it, which I did by going down stairs and smoking a cigar. On the train she was afflicted in the same manner, and I was compelled to draw on my imagination.

"Was the trunk on the train?"

"It was" [mental reservation] or else was not.

"Had I seen it?"

"I had" [mental reservation] or some other.

"Which car was it on?"

"The first" [mental reservation] or some other.

"Well," said Mrs. Lot, "if it is lost, you'll be compelled to buy me some new dresses."

What gratuitous information! Just as if I didn't know that. If she had only informed me that, if it was not lost, I should not be compelled to buy any new dresses, she would have surprised me.

We reached the hotel safely, trunk, umbrella, shawl, waterproof, bandbox, fur cape, poodle, and Mrs. Lot and myself. I inquired for the room for which I had telegraphed.

"Lot," said the clerk; "Lot! No such name, sir."

"But," expostulated I, "there must be. Look again, please."

"Lot—Lot!" said he. "There's no such name. There's a Sot."

"That must be it," said I.

"But you're not a sot," said the wife of my bosom.

"I am on this occasion, my dear," replied I, "when a room is in question."

We were shown to a very pleasant room, which was nicely furnished, and contained that great summer luxury, a mosquito-net.

That evening at the hotel they had a hop; I suppose they call those things hops, because everybody dances the hop-waltz. My wife insists that I can't dance, and therefore, on very slight provocation, she will dance with other gentlemen. [Perhaps I ought to explain that, by slight provocation, I mean whenever she is asked.] Under these circumstances I always feel at liberty to hop with some other lady. I had been introduced to a charming young creature, and was becoming quite sentimental with her—I believe I was telling her that the rose tint on her cheeks was like the balm of Gilead on the back of an elephant, or something like that—when one of those irrepressible nuisances, a young miss of ten, came up, and remarked to me:

"Mr. Lot, your wife told me to tell you that it is time the dorgy went to bed."

"Confound that dog!" I muttered between my teeth.

"Ah," said my fair acquaintance, "then you are attendant to a poodle?"

"No!" said I. "Ah, as I was remarking—"

"Haden't you better put that dorgy to bed?" interrupted she.

"No; confound the dog! I won't—"

I looked up, and saw Mrs. Lot swooping down upon me.

"I think," said I, "I think that I'd better retire."

"Yes," said she, "I think so, and put dorgy to bed. Bye-bye!"

I went up stairs, and put that confounded dog to bed, and then retired myself and went to sleep very comfortably. At two o'clock, I was aroused by the noise which Mrs. Lot made when she entered the room; I pretended that I was asleep, and listened calmly to her tirade:

"I suppose that sleepy head is fast asleep."

Then I snored.

"Of course, and snoring as usual." [By-the-way, I don't snore.] "Will that gaiter-string ever come undone? There, I've broken it! What a confounded numbskull that Vanstein is to be sure. He knows as much about the redowa as a cow does, but he's got splendid whiskers. I wish Lot had whiskers. Mr. Lot, why don't you have whiskers?"

Snore, snore, snore!

"Oh, it's useless to talk to him. And what an elegant mole he's got on his right cheek. I wish Lot had a mole. Mr. Lot!"

Snore, snore, snore!

"Mister Lot! Mister Lot! Mister Lot! (alto—crescendo—staccato.)

"Eh, my dear!"

"Why don't you answer, when I speak to you?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Why don't you have a mole on your right cheek?"

"Yes, my dear, I'll buy one."

"Oh, go to sleep."

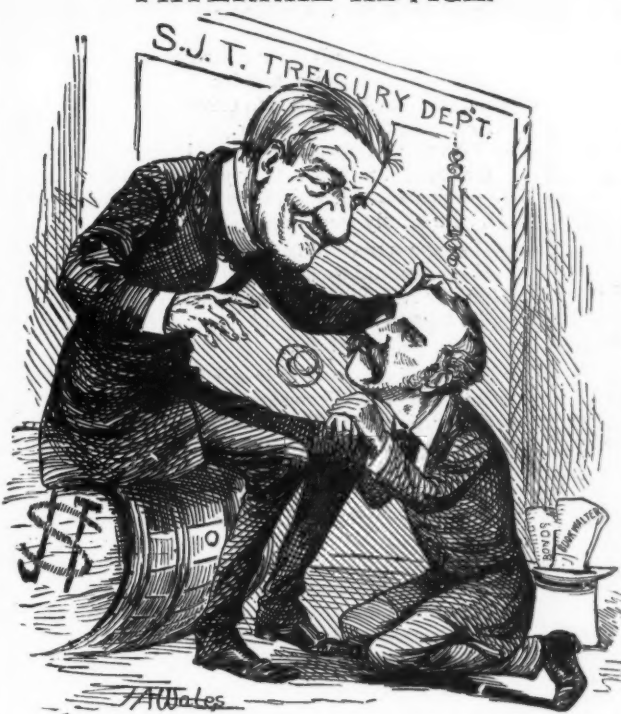
"Yes, my dear."

"Mr. Lot! Mr. Lot!"

"Eh, my dear?"

"Did you put that dear little poodle to bed?"

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S. J. T. to BOOK WALTER, of Ohio.—Sonny, you take an old man's advice. You've got a bar'l, and I've got a bar'l. Now you want to keep that bar'l mighty close, like your old uncle—and don't you forget it.

"Yes, my dear."

"You didn't pinch him, did you?"

"Oh no, my dear."

"There, there's no looking glass in this room.

Oh yes, here it is. What a paltry little thing! I'd like to know how I'm to dress by that, Mr. Lot!"

Snore, snore, snore!

"Mr. Lot, Mr. Lot, will you wake up?"

"Eh, my dear?"

"Keep awake, I want to speak to you."

"What is it, my dear?"

"I don't know now, but I may want to talk."

"Yes, my dear."

Finally she did go to bed. She had been there about two minutes, when she cried out:

"There's a mosquito in the room, Mr. Lot. Mr. Lot, I'll shake you to pieces if you don't answer!"

"Eh, my dear?"

"There's a mosquito in the room, I tell you."

"Well, my dear, let him stay."

"Let him stay, and you know I can't sleep when there's a mosquito in the room!"

"Well, my dear, what can I do?"

"What can you do? Why, catch him to be sure. Catch him, sir."

"How can I catch him, my dear?"

"I don't care how. Put salt on his tail, if you like."

"But there's no salt, my dear. Won't snuff do?"

"I don't care. Oh, he'll sting Fido. Get up, Mr. Lot, and cover that dog."

Oh dear, that confounded poodle again! I got up and covered the dog. Scarcely had I again placed my wearied head upon the pillow, when she began again:

"Now you've smothered him; I know you have; get up and see. Oh, that mosquito! There's a hole in the mosquito-net. Do you hear me, Mr. Lot?"

"Quite plainly, my dear, but I can't help the matter."

"Can't help it, can't you? There he comes. He's coming through that hole in the net. Do you hear him, Mr. Lot?"

Then the mosquito chimed in.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

"Don't you hear him, Mr. Lot? Don't you hear him? He'll bite me, I know he will. Oh dear! Oh dear!"

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Souse! chimed in the mosquito.

"Oh, he's bit me, Mr. Lot, he's bit me."

"Yes, my dear."

"Yes, my dear! Yes, my dear! What good does that do me? Look at me, Mr. Lot, look at me, I say. Do you perceive his mark on my face?"

"Yes, my dear, quite plainly."

"Oh, I knew he'd mark me, and I want to look well to-morrow. I knew he'd come in through the hole in the net."

"Yes, my dear, but, now that he's had his supper, perhaps he'll go out through the hole in the net."

"No, he won't. I'm not going to sleep any more, nor you, Mr. Lot. Look at me, Mr. Lot."

"Yes, my dear, I'm looking at you."

"Get up, Mr. Lot. We'll sit up and watch that mosquito. You must see that he doesn't bite Fido."

"Yes, my dear."

There we sat, looking at each other till day broke.

As soon as it was light, I put on my clothes, took that dog under my arm, and started for the door.

"Where are you going with that dog?" said Mrs. Lot.

"I am going to take him out for a walk," replied I.

"Yes," said she, "a walk into the ocean. You mean to drown him. You can leave him here."

I dropped the dog and disappeared. How Mrs. Lot divines my intentions is a mystery to me.

Of course, Sunday was a rather stupid day at the Branch. The minister, who preached in the hotel parlor, was a verbose and important individual, who soon talked me into a childlike sleep. All I remember about him is that he had immense hands, covered with black kids, which he kept on during the whole performance, afraid, I suppose, that if he once took them off he'd never succeed in getting them on again. In the afternoon, Mrs. Lot insisted that she would enjoy a drive, and so we were hauled through the sand for two or three hours.

Fortunately, by Monday morning Mrs. Lot had had a genteel sufficiency of the Branch, and she was, therefore, as ready as I was to return home. I went through the trunk, shawl, fur cape, umbrella and dog business once more, and was delighted, I assure you, when I once more reached my mansion at Plaintown.

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### REPUBLICANISM. (THREE GENERATIONS.)

FIRST.

'SQUIRE CECIL, at his high-arched gate  
Stood with his son and heir;  
Around him spread his rich estate,  
Near rose his mansion fair.  
And when a neighbor ragged, sad,  
Unlearned, passed that way,  
The father turned, and to the lad  
These kindly words did say:

"There goes poor Muggins! Ah, my son,  
How thankful we should be  
That our republic gives a chance  
To fellows such as he!"

THIRD.

Miss Muggins blazed in jeweled light,  
And swept in silken sheen;  
Her courtiers thought a maid so bright  
And beauteous ne'er was seen.  
Aloft she held her haughty head,  
Surveyed her Paris clothes;  
"And I must patronize," she said,  
"Miss Cecil, I suppose.

"She's poor, she teaches, has no style,  
In Europe, now—but oh!  
In this republic, we're compelled  
To meet all kinds, you know!"

—Margaret B. Hurvey in *Midsummer Scribner*.

THE Mikado of Japan is to have a new pal-  
ace at Yeddo, which will cost \$5,600,000.  
That is to say, the plans are drawn by an  
American architect who estimates the cost at  
\$600,000.—*Boston Post*.

THE Blackfeet Indians call journalists Cheet-  
ahmoahkanitcharomahga, yet even this does not  
dear college graduates from playing like moths  
around the journalistic candle.—*Detroit Free  
Press*.

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"My 'Queen,'" said he, "I'd like 'two pair' With you." The fair maid blushed, And said: "Now, Jack, I'd 'beat' you there, For, don't you see, I'm flushed?"

"But, that ain't 'straight,'" replied her "Jack;" (That "hand-sir" dimmed his lustre), 'Such 'play' (on words) you know I lack"— And then he "double bussed" her.

"Please name the day; I would 'deal light' To even 'board' your 'ante,' I've 'table steaks'—'give me a sight'— Shall I 'order cards?'—or shan't I?"

The "Queen" said yes; and now, grown bold, They "draw" their carriage wicker; On afternoons you'd "see" them stroll— It "holds up a little kicker!"

—T. L. Wilson in Titusville World.

MR. ALCOTT told the Concord Summer School of Philosophers that "Actuality is the Thingness of the Here." The information almost paralyzed them. For years they had been laboring under the misapprehension that the Hereness of the Actuality is the Thing. But it is no such thing. —Norristown Herald.

YOUNG LADY: Is there anything that will remove a moustache from a girl's lip? There is. An ugly old man will sometimes yank it away and sling its owner over the fence. But it will come there again, you bet. —Boston Post.

A NUMBER of shrewd detectives are playing pedro for the drinks in Missouri saloons, and keeping a sharp lookout through the windows for the James boys. —Detroit Free Press.

AN Illinois justice has decided that courting is a necessity. Keepers of ice-cream saloons will enthusiastically endorse this decision. —Phila. Kronicle-Herald.

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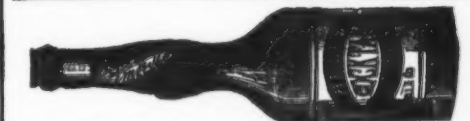
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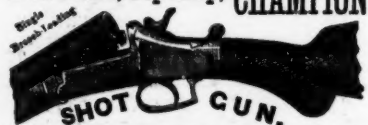
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liver scurrilous postal-cards. They are also  
forbidden to read postal-cards addressed to  
other parties. Therefore, when you drop a  
scurrilous postal-card into the post-office, you  
must acquaint the postmaster and his assistants  
with the fact, or they will be terribly perplexed.  
—*Norristown Herald.*

A TWO-HEADED girl is on exhibition in a New  
York museum. She has four arms and a single  
trunk. There is nothing so very remarkable  
about this girl. We know a young lady with  
only one head and two arms, who has sixteen  
trunks. She is at Saratoga at present.—*Boston  
Transcript.*

SOME one has unluckily remarked that oys-  
ters will be fat this fall, and now unprincipled  
men are trying to solve a process for stealing  
their fat and converting it into oilymargarine.  
—*Phila. Kromik-Herald.*

"I think I'm loosing flesh this hot weather,"  
was what the butcher said when he opened his  
store in the morning and found that a side of  
beef had been stolen during the night.—*Somer-  
ville Journal.*

We asked one of our German fellow citizens  
the other day if he knew how many tailors it  
took to make a man, and he answered, "Nein!"  
—*Cambridge Tribune.*

### [Chicago Inter-Ocean.] Perils of the Deep.

The world-renowned swimmer, Capt. Paul Boyton, in  
an interview with a newspaper correspondent at the sea-  
shore, related the following incidents in his experience:

Reporter.—"Captain Boyton, you must have seen a  
large part of the world?"

Capt. Boyton.—"Yes, sir, by the aid of my Rubber  
Life Saving Dress, I have traveled over 10,000 miles on  
the rivers of America and Europe; have also been pre-  
sented to the crowned heads of England, France, Ger-  
many, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Spain and Por-  
tugal, and have in my possession forty-two medals and  
decorations; I have three times received the order of  
knighthood, and been elected honorary member of com-  
mittees, clubs, orders and societies."

Reporter.—"Were your various trips accompanied by  
much danger?"

Capt. Boyton.—"That depends upon what you may  
call dangerous. During my trip down the river Tagus  
in Spain, I had to "shoot" one hundred and two water-  
falls, the highest being about eighty-five feet, and innum-  
erable rapids. Crossing the Straits of Messina, I had  
three ribs broken in a fight with sharks; and coming  
down the Somane, a river in France, I received a charge  
of shot from an excited and startled huntsman. Although  
all this was not very pleasant, and might be termed dan-  
gerous, I fear nothing more on my trip than intense cold;  
for, as long as my limbs are free and easy, and not  
cramped or benumbed, I am all right. Of late I carry  
stock of St. Jacobs Oil in my little boat—the Captain  
calls it "Baby Mine," and has stored therein signal rock-  
ets, thermometer, compass, provisions, etc.—and I have  
had but little trouble. Before starting out, I rub myself  
thoroughly with the article, and its action on the muscles  
is wonderful. From constant exposure I am somewhat  
subject to rheumatic pains, and nothing would ever bene-  
fit me, until I got hold of this Great German Remedy.  
Why, on my travels I have met people who had been  
suffering with Rheumatism for years; by my advice they  
tried the Oil, and it cured them. I would sooner do with-  
out food for days than be without this remedy for one  
hour. In fact I would not attempt a trip without it."

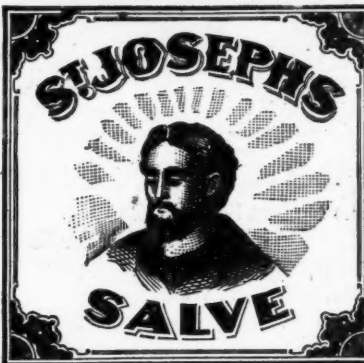
The Captain became very enthusiastic on the subject  
of St. Jacobs Oil, and we left him citing instances of the  
curative qualities of the Great German Remedy to a party  
around him.

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a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A  
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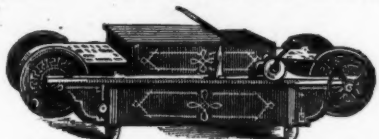
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"THE most deplorable characteristic of the trout liar," said the Jester, "is his soulful earnestness. If you doubt his incredible statements he is grieved; if you dispute them he is angry; and if you flatly contradict him and say boldly that no man ever caught 784 trout in one hour and a half with a split bamboo rod in a brook only twenty-eight inches wide, and not a trout weighing less than five pounds, while the large ones ranged from eight to eleven pounds and required from twelve to twenty minutes to land each one of them; if you deny the truth of this simple statement, delivered with all the earnestness of a man telling the truth for his life, then you make a mortal enemy of the trout liar, and he will not take you to nice secret trouting-places, that he alone knows of, which are full of trout, ready, willing and anxious to take anything, from a fly to a bait of salt pork. But he takes his friends to these places, if he is a liar of places, for there are several kinds of trout liars: The liar of weight, who never catches more than half a dozen trout a day, but they each weigh anywhere from fifty pounds to a ton, and he desolates a whole forest and tears up five acres of rocky ground landing them. Then there is the liar of numbers, who always catches so many thousand trout in an hour and twenty-eight minutes—he is very exact as to the odd minute—so that when you figure it down you find he caught trout at the rate of ten per second. And there is the liar of places, who knows hidden pools, dark and still, in the secret places of the rocks, that are just boiling over with trout—millions and untold millions of them—and he takes you, under many oaths of secrecy, and by stealthy and circuitous routes, to those places, and you fish in them for eight mortal hours without a nibble, and then break off your last hook in a root, and come home. But you can never disconcert or corner a trout liar. Arithmetic, facts, science, probabilities, precedent, general principles, and the eternal fitness of things may combine in overwhelming array to prove him the awfulest liar in America; it doesn't disturb him. He lies on; calmly, confidently, enthusiastically, always locating the scene of his lies so far away, he is pretty certain you will never go there."—*Burdette in Hawkeye.*

THE dime novel has received another black eye. In a faction fight in Menifee County, Ky., the other day, fifty shots were fired without hitting anybody. This is too bad. We had always been led to believe that a Kentuckian could split his bullet on a knife-blade at ten thousand yards, with both eyes closed, both arms tied behind him, and his rifle destitute of lock, stock and barrel. Thus perishes another dream of our childhood. Next thing we know, somebody will be telling us that a Kentuckian can be found, here and there, who does not wear a girdle of Indian scalps and drink corn juice in company with a ten-foot rifle, six revolvers and a miscellaneous assortment of bowie knives.—*Boston Transcript.*

FIVE out of every twelve marriages are said to be unhappy. The other seven are often even worse.—*Phila. Chronicle-Herald.*

[Chicago Tribune.]

Mr. Ira Brown, the enterprising real estate man states that he could and would say a good word for the St. Jacobs Oil, which had cured him of a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism that all other treatments had failed even to allay.

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